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LEGISLATIVE REMINISCENCES

MacINTYRE

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BY

W. IRWIN MacINTYRE

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“The Prohibition Bill.”

I AM undertaking to give a few side lights on the rough road of the "Georgia Prohibition Bill", two years after the passage thereof.

The day before the senate bill came up for a second reading in the House, a lot of the boys went to Clarksville to the "Laying of the Corner Stone of the Ninth District Agricultural College"; as it was a free ride, I went along with the bunch. I don't know who paid our way. When we got to Clarksville it was raining so that some of us didn't get out to the College at all. Joe Hall and Seab Wright made speeches in the court house, and I rode down to the station with them. Seab told the crowd that he was in favor of better men and better women and a good government; and Joe Hall was in favor of low taxes, an economic administration and prosperity. Both orators loved the people, especially the country people and were applauded and their wisdom appreciated. On the way to the station Seab said that we had the best legislature we had ever had, and that Railroad Commissioners ought not to be elected by the people. Joe said we didn't have any such thing, and that Railroad Commissioners should be elected by the people. When we got to the station, I was about to go over to Tallulah Falls and spend the night and get to Atlanta next morning, but Seab Wright persuaded me that the train might be late, and there might be some danger in not having a quorum to read the prohibition bill the second time, so I started to Atlanta with him and as much of the crowd as did not go to Tallulah.

When we got to Cornelia, we were told that the South-

ern train was an hour late, so we sat around the station on goods boxes, and began to whittle sticks and tell lies. In the meantime the Tallulah train had pulled out, and we were notified that the train for Atlanta was two hours late. About bed time we were told the train was still later, and that all the rooms in the hotel were occupied. To make a long story short, we got to Atlanta next morning about an hour ahead of the crowd that spent the night at the Falls; all good and mad at the railroads, the Southern in particular.

After patronizing the Tallulah Falls Railroad some of the boys wanted to enact a law that "All Cars Have Round Wheels".

The Prohibition Bill was read the second time. The morning the bill came up for passage, the Representatives from Chatham had a bill several hours long on the Clerk's desk, affecting warehouses in some way. Everybody got tired, and some got mad, before the Clerk finished reading it. When he was through, Joe Boyd was recognized, and said:

"Mr. Speaker; In order that there may be no misunderstanding, I move that the bill be re-read."

Seab Wright almost had a "Duck Fit", and Joe withdrew his motion. Ed Hines was recognized, and moved to re-consider the action of the House the previous day in passing the Bill, establishing the City Court of Harris County. The Roll Call was asked for, and the Filibuster was on. Adam's name, of Chatham, was called, and Barrow moved that the rules be suspended, and his colleague allowed twenty minutes to explain his vote. The Roll was called for on Barrow's motion. In the meantime, Mr. Ellison, of Harris, couldn't understand why they wanted to reconsider his bill; he was satisfied with it; his people were satisfied with it; and, it was a Local Bill, any way, and he didn't want it re-considered; it had passed legally, and he wanted it to stay passed.

In explaining their votes, during the Filibuster, the various members discussed pretty much everything. Huff

of Lumpkin, was telling about the rippling brooks of the North Georgia mountains, when some one questioned the pertinency of his remarks:

"I am explaining my vote by analogy", said the gentleman from the mountains.

Everybody with a taste for liquor knows that the bill passed, and is being enforced; at least in parts of the State.



“The Shaw Mosquito Bill.”

DURING my second session in the Georgia legislature, the bill of Hon. Emmett R. Shaw, of Clay, requiring landlords to furnish mosquito nets, came up for passage. The bill was introduced late, and would never have been reached in its regular order. This result of crowding the calendar is what gives the Speaker and Rules Committees such power in legislative bodies. If every fool bill was considered in its order, nothing would ever be done. So resolutions are introduced, asking that certain bills be set for special orders, which are referred to the Rules Committee, which recommends certain dates for what it considers important legislation. Of course, the committee could be directed; but, in that case, every author of a bill would insist on directing the committee in his favor, so you just have to follow the old usage, or never accomplish anything.

In the case of the Shaw bill, the author considered it by far the most important morsel of legislation pending, and had early asked, time and again, that it be set for a special order. So when other matters came up, with much larger numbers on the bills, Shaw concluded that he was the victim of a clique or ring; and every day would defy "The powers that be" on the floor of the house, telling them what the people really wanted, and what would happen if truly Democratic practices were followed. He became so intense that he would threaten to interfere with a member's local legislation, unless he would commit himself to the "Skeeter" Bill. This together with the fact that Shaw was a popular fellow whom everybody liked, caused

nearly everybody to promise to vote "Aye" on its passage. But nobody thought it would ever come up. Finally, Shaw asked unanimous consent that his bill be taken up the last half hour of the morning session, without expecting success; but, as a surprise to everybody, no one objected. The time was short, but the author thought he had so many committed, that it would be "railroaded" right through. The Speaker asked Ben Hill, of Monroe, to preside during the consideration of the Shaw bill. Everything seemed serene. Shaw had his hands in his pockets, strutting up and down, in front of the clerk's desk. The bill was read, and Shaw was in the act of addressing the chair, when Persons asked recognition, and got it,

"Mr. Speaker": said Persons, "I offer an amendment."

"The Amendment will be sent to the Clerk's desk; the Clerk will read the Amendment."

Amendment by Mr. Pearsons, of Monroe:

"That the following words be added to the last paragraph of said bill, to wit:

"That this Bill shall not apply to any mosquito having a proboscis less than one-thirty-second of an inch long."

The Amendment passed, amid Shaw's shouts for recognition. Mr. Chamlee, of Floyd, then offered an amendment, requiring mosquitoes small enough to get through the net's meshes to be yoked, which was agreed to. Glenn, of Whitfield then had a long amendment, providing for the muzzling of bed-bugs, furnishing firearms and other means of defense to lodgers, that they might protect themselves against nocturnal pests and enemies. The Amendments all carried before Shaw got the floor, and made the point that they were all out of order; not being pertinent to the bill. Ben Hill, who, by this time, handled the gavel with the grace of a veteran, made a ruling which will, no doubt, be handed down to posterity as a precedent. His logical and analytical mind gave expression to these masterful words:

"The mosquito question is a very broad question, and

the Chair will not presume to decide what is pertinent or impertinent thereto."

Just as a dangerous period of excitement was about to be encountered, the gavel fell, and the Chair announced that the hour of adjournment had arrived, and as another special order was set for the afternoon, the bill with all amendments, was lost. Everybody told Shaw that they didn't consider voting for the amendments violative of their promise to vote for the bill on its final passage. But Shaw said they couldn't fool him; they naturally wasn't for his bill. He accused Joe Hall of being against him, but Joe said he would have voted for the bill, if it had brought on a war.

The bill was dead, and as Mr. Shaw's term expired, it will not come up again, unless it finds another champion.



“Rogers of McIntosh.”

W H. ROGERS, of McIntosh County, was probably the last negro who will ever serve in the Georgia Legislature. He has served several terms, and was re-elected for the 1908 House. His seat was contested by Mr. Atwood, a white man, and the hearing was before the Committee on Privileges and Elections, composed of:

Charles Russell, Chairman; Joe Hill Hall, Seaborn Wright, Boykin Wright, Taylor, Candler, Perry, Covington, Jackson, Adams, Rountree, Wise, Young, Edwards, McMullen, Hill, Collum, Boyd, Brown (of Carroll), Atwater, Reid (of Macon), Heard and Tift.

Judge Spencer R. Atkinson represented Atwood, and Judge Howard Van Epps represented Rogers. After a thorough hearing, the Committee reported unanimously that Rogers was elected.

When the Committee had adjourned, Hon. Joe Hill Hall started to his hotel, and, meeting Rogers, said:

"Well, Rogers, we decided to unseat you." Rogers replied:

"Well, Mr. Hall, I have absolute confidence in that Committee, and if they say that I was not legally elected, I am satisfied that I was not."

"No, Rogers, I was joking, we decided you were legally elected," replied the statesman from Bibb.

"Well," said Rogers; "I want you gentlemen to understand that I never doubted but that I would have a fair hearing, and had your decision been otherwise, my mind would not have changed".

When the report was received by the House, and a

"Viva Voce" vote was about to be taken, a Representative from my Congressional District came over to my seat and said:

"Mack, I don't doubt that this committee is correct under the law, and I am sworn to support the law, and I am going to vote to approve the report, but if ever I am asked about it down home, I want to prove by you that I said on the floor of this House that I am in favor of removing the cloud from the north-east corner of this hall that the bright light of Anglo-Saxon supremacy may shine forth."

Rogers never took much interest in pending legislation but on one occasion, a bill affecting the fishing rights of the coast counties was up, and Rogers, true to his instinct, waxed eloquent in behalf of the fish eaters. He made a good speech, too, full of emphasis and feeling.

When I returned home, after the 1907 session, I met Col. Theo. Titus, who said:

"You are going to lose one of your brethren in the Legislature."

I was a little surprised, and asked; "Who? and why?"

"Rogers," he replied. "I've just returned from Darien, and my negro boatman told me that the negroes of McIntosh County were going to make Rogers resign for voting for prohibition."

I told him: "Perhaps Rogers didn't know how he was voting."

He said; "That is what I would have thought, ordinarily, but the dum fool nigger, 'splained his vote and showed he knowed what he was doin', and we's goin'er put somebody else in his place, if us has to git de wust white man in McIntosh County."

Shortly afterwards, Rogers resigned, and Honorable F. H. McFarland was elected, with Rogers' support and co-operation.

It might be pertinent to mention that when the white man came up to finish Rogers' term, the colored Chairman of the McIntosh County Republican Executive Committee came along to serve as porter in the house.

One of the leading citizens of Darien once told me that he was asked to suggest a good colored man for Postmaster. He went to Rogers and explained that the job would pay three times as much as his carpenter work. Rogers refused absolutely, because of incompetency and disinclination to draw a salary while acting as dummy. He said it would be an injustice to the government and to the white men, whom he would have to get to go on his bond. My informer offered to assist him in getting some young competent negro to take full charge of the office. He still refused, saying, he couldn't accept at all and feel right about it.

I never heard the propriety of Rogers' conduct questioned while in the legislature. He was popular among his white associates; although all of them felt relieved when McIntosh County sent up a white man.



“My Chattanooga Trip with the W. & A. Committee.”

DURING the 1907 session I went with the Western & Atlantic Railroad Committee to inspect the State's property. You will recall that the State's road was built in pursuance of the Act of 1836; that it received its first money from operating in 1845; paid the first money into the state's treasury from net receipts of 1854-55; reached its zenith of success in the year of 1860 and '61, when it paid into the treasury \$438,000.00; was interrupted by the civil war; was leased to the Joe Brown Corporation in 1870 for \$25,000.00 per month; was leased for thirty years in 1890 at \$420,000.00 per year to the N. C. & St. L. Ry. The road you remember originally ran from the Tennessee River to a point in the woods, afterwards called "Terminus", "Marthasville", and "Atlanta." During the Bulloch administration, the right of way, with much valuable realty, between where the station in Chattanooga now is and the river, was conveyed from the state, and is now occupied by several blocks of office buildings and store-houses.

But I am not writing an essay on the "Western & Atlantic;" I'll do that some other time.

Chairman Hooper Alexander, notified our committee that we were to go, and invited several members not on the committee, but who were deeply interested in the state's property, to go along; among them Honorable Emmett R. Shaw, the popular and able representative from Clay.

We got down to the old "Car Shed", and found that President Thomas, of the "N. C. & St. L." had three coaches hitched to a fancy little locomotive, which, we were told

this versatile railroad veteran had made with his own hands, in his younger days. The special was given us as agents of the owners of the road by the lessee, and we were told to stop the train as often as we liked, to comment on any rotten cross-tie we might see. The situation was not without humor; here was a luxurious special train, equipped with every convenience, with the president of the road as host, carrying a lot of Crackers up to Chattanooga to inspect property, the value of which they could not even comprehend. But when we got into that brewery, on our rounds in Chattanooga, men who had been too embarrassed to have any ideas or suggestions about the condition of our railroad, didn't hesitate to say they were drinking the finest beer they had ever put to their lips.

At Chattanooga the Mayor, officers, reporters and big dogs, were down to welcome and entertain us and incidentally to remind us, that they wished the State of Georgia would make some arrangement to move our switch yards out of the middle of their city, and convert the several acres to more valuable use. All of us agreed that it was an outrage for our state to interfere with the growth of Chattanooga by using land, which would be worth millions to us if used for stores and office buildings, for switch yards, thereby putting a bunker in the middle of this enprising town, which cuts off one-half from the other. Arrangements could easily be made with the lessee, by which Georgia could relieve Chattanooga, and have property in that city, which would bring rental enough to support our State Government, excepting the school fund, pensions and asylum. Or with the rent from the railroad, we would have income enough to take care of everything but the school fund and pensions.

Just here I wish to call attention to the fact that three years ago we could have leased the "W. & A." for \$60,000 per month, said lease to begin at the expiration of the present, and run seventy-five years. So you see our Committee had sense enough to at least come to the conclusion

that our state had property worth many millions over and above our \$7,000,000 indebtedness.

At Chattanooga we all went up and spent the night on "Lookout Mountain"; or, most of us did. The next morning, we got the papers, and saw what great men we were, and how proud Chattanooga was to have us. The papers gave the list of those present, as had been given to the reporter by chairman Hooper Alexander, which was the official list, and didn't include those not on the committee, such as Honorable Emmett R. Shaw, of Clay. I noticed that Shaw was a little nervous, but didn't know what his kick was. That afternoon, on our return, I noticed that the statesman from Clay was very impatient to get an Atlanta Journal. He was afraid the Journal had made the same grievous error as The Chattanooga papers, and omitted his his name.

Finally we met the late train and got the Journal, and Shaw's eyes were almost devouring it. At last his countenance dropped, and he seemed sorely disappointed. Just then, Ralph Smith, genial Ralph, of the Atlanta Journal, came along, and Shaw said:-

"Ralph, what you all got against me; haven't I been your friend? What you trying to do to me?"

Ralph looked surprised, and asked for a bill of particulars. Shaw replied very seriously:

"Two days ago when I made arrangements to come on this trip, I took my pen in hand and notified my constituents, through the "Clay County Bugle", that the State's interest demanded my going on the Chattanooga trip. This communication was put in as an editorial, and was not supposed to be inspired by me; so on yesterday, after getting my communication, my local paper announced with great emphasis, that I had departed with the Committee, and that I, being along, no blunder would be made. Now, your Journal gets down there this afternoon, and don't say a word about my getting there. Why, them Crackers will think I fell off the train."

Some Experiences With Colleague Stubbs.

STUBBS and I had both announced for the legislature, trusting implicitly in the stupidity of the people. You know Carlyle gave the population of England as "25,000,000, mostly fools;" we hoped the rule would hold good in Thomas County.

As there were several others in the race and only three to be elected, everybody had to do a little canvassing. I went out to Jim Murdock's and asked if I could talk a little to him. He said I could when he got through cutting wood. I took up another axe and proceeded to show him how. I says, "You haven't seen anything of Stubbs along here today, have you?" "Lord, yes," said Jim, "he's back there milking my cow now."

Another time Stubbs and I met at Coolidge. Stubbs beat me talking, but, as it was a warm day, I held my hat in my hand and got the reputation of being "a heap the perlitest."

Well, we were both elected and, when the time came, started for Atlanta. The tickets were \$7.25, so we decided to ride all the way. When we got to Albany and were in the act of changing cars, someone uncoupled the air-brake and the noise made Stubbs drop the package containing his other shirt. Stubbs said, "Here I am, fifty miles from home, and I be dog if somebody aint whistling at me!" The porter asked if we wanted to take a sleeper, but I said I couldn't sleep in the day time; Stubbs said neither could he, and besides he wanted to see the scenery. The news-butcher came along with some of Dickens' novels, but Stubbs said he didn't like Dickens, the print was too fine.

When we got nearly to Atlanta, Stubbs asked a drummer who ran the hotel up there. The drummer said "Mrs. Kimball". Stubbs said he believed he would rather stop at a boarding-house, because hotels have a horse rack in front of them and the stamping of the horses kept him awake.

Well, we got to Atlanta and registered. The clerk asked if we wanted a room with a bath, but Stubbs said he wouldn't need one, as he would only be there fifty days. The clerk gave us a room on the top floor and showed us the elevator. When we got out Stubbs said, "The darn thing just did stop in time as we would have been half way to Heaven in five minutes more."

We went to bed and slept till next morning, when Stubbs said the people shore did stay up late. I asked him how he knew; he said the lights on the streets were still burning at midnight. Stubbs also thought the people up there were mighty far behind with their hauling.

Stubbs dressed and asked me which way was the well. I told him to push the button twice and he would get ice water. He held the pitcher to the button and pushed, but couldn't get a drop.

Stubbs turned his cuffs and we went down to breakfast: and the waiter asked if we wanted any breakfast food. Stubbs said he shore did: he hadn't had any supper, and he wanted fried ham, fried eggs, coffee, pan cakes, corn muffins and biscuit; if there was any extras, he'd take them too.

We went over to the capitol and started on our legislative career. I prepared a bill, "Making the rules of poker uniform throughout the state, and allowing a man to open a 'jack-pot' on a pair of tens". This I thought necessary for the protection of innocent parties, but as Stubbs wouldn't join me, I didn't put it in.

We had Lithia water to drink and electric fans to keep us cool. When the oratory would get so dense as to warm the water and clog the fans, then we'd go out into the smoking-room. An orator isn't much appreciated by a

hall full of other orators! We joined the smoking club and had to pay a dollar. Then we would wait for other suckers, to get other dollars!

Well, we soon caught on and Stubbs is now a veteran in the art. He can go all over Atlanta by himself, day or night. He can order a meal at a restaurant without the bill-of-fare and knows all the drinks at the soda fountain. He knows all of the names of the players on the Atlanta baseball team and can telephone to any number in the city. He is absolutely fortified against fakes and fakirs, and can't be fooled with near-beer, near-soup and near-pot-licker. We are both experienced statesman now.



THE anti-lease convict bill was pending in the Georgia Legislature, Honorable W. A. Covington was addressing the house against the lease system.

"Fellow Members"; said he; "I have never been able to see the propriety in leasing a man, convicted of stealing a ride on a railroad train, to the man who stole the railroad; nor have I ever understood the exact justice of hiring out a man, convicted of beating his wife, to be punished by a man who don't live with his; nor do I think it fit and proper to hire out a nigger, convicted of crap-shooting, to be punished by a professional poker player. No, Mr. Speaker; with the lights before me, I'm agin the lease system.

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COVINGTON was hindering the concurrence of the House to an amendment to a local dispensary house bill. His attention was called to the fact that the bill had already passed the house, and only needed the slight amendment approved; and that no one had seriously opposed the bill, when it was going through the House.

"Ah, well;" said Covington; "The time to kill a snake is when you have a stick in your hand."

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COVINGTON was explaining his vote on a motion to adjourn, and was talking so vigorously that he was about through before stopped by the gavel.

"Mr. Speaker"; said he; "I didn't know I was out of order; I take it all back;" thereby showing that he wanted to be fair in all things.

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COVINGTON was making a speech in the Georgia legislature when Judge Perry suggested some information which the speaker afterwards quoted several times. Finally some one, doubting his correctness, asked him if he endorsed the figures.

"No" said he. "I got them from Judge Perry, and passed them on without recourse."

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MR. AUSTIN of Murray, was making an extended oration in the Georgia house of representatives. A porter, thinking it was time he wanted water, came up with pitcher in one hand and glass in the other, and waited by his side. Austin motioned for him to go, but the porter didn't understand. Austin couldn't stand the annoyance any longer; so turning to the porter, he said:

"Take it away; take it away; don't you know it don't take water to run a windmill?"

The bill, requiring electric head-lights on locomotives, was pending. An amendment had been offered, exempting railroads of less than fifty miles length. Covington was recognized, and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I cannot endorse this amendment. Death under a steam engine on a railroad forty-nine miles long, has all the terrors for me as one fifty-one miles long. I would "shake off this mortal coil" with the same degree of reluctance in either case."

The amendment was lost.

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I WENT down to Milledgeville with the Committee on State Sanitarium. Ed. Hines was chairman, and he bought us all tickets at the State's expense. This was in 1907, and nearly all members had quit riding on passes; although it was still legal to receive them. My colleague, Stubbs, was along, and we went down to the old car shed together; neither of us being run over by a street car or other large vehicle. Hines showed us how to board the train, and what to do with our tickets.

Stubbs and I took a seat in the smoking car, and in a little while we pulled out. I said it was fine, riding over the country like that looking after the State's business. Stubbs said: "It s-h-o-w was." I told Stubbs that I had seen

in the Constitution that morning that a rural legislator had been injured by a street car, and I was afraid it was he. Stubbs said he thought it must have been Jackson or Jones. About that time the negro porter came in and poured a little coal in the stove, in the front of the car. Stubbs said:

"Hold on there, Buck; don't put any more coal on that fire; I'm riding so fast now I can hardly breathe."

The conductor came around, but we wouldn't give up our tickets until Ed. Hines said to. The conductor smiled but we told him we were the bosses of that railroad; in fact Joe Hall had said so the morning before.

Toward night we got to Milledgeville, which had been the capitol of Georgia for a half century, and showed many signs of the past. We were driven out to the Asylum, and given a good supper. Stubbs called my attention to the fact that it wasn't costing us anything, so we didn't let up on eating. We were at the officers' table, and fared well. Let me here remark, that while Georgia might be behind in some things, we have the second largest attendance at our lunatic asylum in the United States. In Georgia idiots, lunatics and epileptics are confined in the state sanitarium.

That night the visiting committee was put in a row of single beds, in a kind of upstairs hall. We all left our valuables downstairs in the safe, although we were completely protected from the lunatics. The next morning the committee started to getting up by daylight; and by seven o'clock all were downstairs. We went in to breakfast, and were given fruit. Pope, of Brooks, said it was fine, but he had never heard of having dessert for breakfast, and the very first thing at that.

After breakfast I strolled out into the court, between the buildings, and saw several patients, who seemed to have the liberty of the grounds. One came up to me and asked my name, and if I had heard of his name, which he gave. As it was prominent in Georgia, I had heard his name, and knew several of its wearers. I asked where he was from.

"Now", said he "That is a secret, but I don't mind telling you. I have always lived in Atlanta, but when I found out they were going to commit me, I figured that I would be out in a year, and when I came home my reputation would be ruined; and if ever anyone wrote to Atlanta, asking if my credit was good, he would be told that I had served a term in the lunatic asylum. So I just "lit a rag," and came right down here to Baldwin County, and was committed from here, and there ain't a word on the record in Fulton County about my ever being sent to the asylum. I told him I knew several prominent members of his family, but believed he was the smartest. He said he thought so, too.

A few minutes later I met another trusty, who was walking around unattended. I was told that when this fellow came there, twenty years before, he was brought by his father and brother. The three were in the superintendent's office, and questions were being asked about the new patient; his age, health, disposition, industry, etc.

"Well," said the doctor. "Has he ever had a lick on the head?" The father and brother thought a minute; and then, in unison, said:

"Yes, a mule kicked him on the head when he was a boy, and he ain't been right bright since. The new patient who had been quiet up to this time, spoke up, saying:

"Yes, Doctor; and the same mule kicked the whole damn family."

We now organized sub-committees, and proceeded to inspect the property. I went with two others and Dr. Jones to the ward nearest the railroad. We saw most of the patients, and found everything as clean and sanitary as could be. While walking down one of the corridors, a little old woman seemed to be slipping up behind us. I saw she had no weapon, and hesitated, to see what she wanted. She kept her eye on Dr. Jones, and when she thought he wasn't looking, slipped up near me, with her arm extended. I reached out and took a note, and she dodged back. The note read:

"Gentlemen of the Committee:

Something ought to be done at this institution.

The Doctors and the nurses eat all the breast of the chicken, and the patients don't get nothing but the wings and drumsticks."

I gave the note to Dr. Jones, and we proceeded.

We went to another building and were entertained by two men, whom some of us knew. One was a former prominent attorney, who talked perfectly sane, but who had lost his memory; the other was George Bell, who had been in the previous legislature; both appeared sane to a layman until their peculiar affliction was explained. In this building we were addressed by a brother of a prominent citizen, who claimed he was retained as a result of a plot. He sued out a writ of habeas corpus before Ed. Hines, when Ed. was Ordinary of Baldwin County, but was retained at the institution. He was disgusted that Hines was chairman of our committee, and said he expected no relief from us. He had been his own attorney in his previous suit, and had prepared another petition, which he read to us, quoting numerous authorities. We went to an upper floor, and were requested to listen to a very bright fellow, who asked us to the ward dining room; the attending physician said we might go if we liked, so we went. We were comfortably seated around the little tables, and our demented friend began, in an apparently sane manner.

"Gentlemen of the Committee:

There is a matter which you should investigate for two different reasons. They have here some four thousand patients, of whom half are as sane as you, gentlemen, thus depriving innocent men of their liberty, and entailing unnecessary expense upon our State."

At this point he was interrupted by a member of the committee, making the suggestion:

"Mr. A., you need not go into that. You are mistaken. You just demonstrate to the officers and doctors that you are sane, and they will let you out."

up to me, and asked if I were a patient or a member of the committee. When I answered, he apologized, saying that if I were a patient, he wanted me to meet some of the young ladies. He offered to present me anyway, and I've regretted ever since that I didn't consent. The dance was the old fashioned "square dance," but I guess I could have gotten along, and learned a good deal about the social life of the insane. Several patients, who were off on various subjects, got so absorbed in the festivities that they forgot their troubles and seemed perfectly rational. One lawyer, who made speeches and prepared briefs all day long, seemed as well as anyone, but the next day he was hard at work on his old stunts.

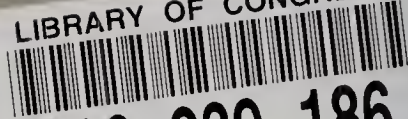
I sat around, talking to the on-lookers, and watching the performers. I found that all the patients had a contempt for their idiotic associates, and among the idiots the better looked down upon the worse. However, the idiots were the happiest and most contented of all the inmates. The boys seemed to be making love to the girls, and the girls were coquetting and shying behind their fans and acting just as silly as if they had good sense.

The next morning we returned to Atlanta, confident that as far as it was possible for us to tell, the officers were doing their full duty. Our experience was interesting but depressing. All of us apprehend physical trouble, but none of us know how thankful we should be that we don't have the worst of all suffering, insanity, or that we are in more danger of it than many other things we fear.

While we were gone the House passed McMichael's clean sheet bill, which we finally killed, after the Senate let it come back with a minor amendment.

THE END.

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